A SATYR AGAINST COFFEE.

AVoid, *Satanick Tipple*! hence
Thou Murtherer of Farthings, and of *Pence*;
And Midwife to all *falſe Intelligence*!

Avoid, I ſay, of Hell thou art,
For God no liquor doth to man impart,
But that which quenches *Thirſt*, or chears the *Heart*.

Bak'd in a pan, *Brew'd* in a pot,
The third device of him who firſt begot
The Printing Libels, and the Powder-plot.

A *Swill* that needs muſt be accurſt,
And of all ſorts of Drink the very worſt,
By which the *Devils Children* (*Lies*) are nurſt.

Now if I fancy not amiſſe,
Veſpatian, who impos'd Exciſe on Piſs,
Would for no *ſmell of Lucre* ſuffer this.

The Siſter of the common Sewer,
That paſſes through the Reins with Streams impure;
That Robs the Vintner and undoes the Brewer.

For by this poor *Arabian* Berry,
Comes the Neglect of *Malago* and *Sherry*,
And *ſooty Surges* riſe to *Charon's* Ferry.

The Sweat of *Negroes*, Blood of *Moores*,
The Blot of *Sign-poſt*, and the Stain of *doors*,
And *the laſt Shift of Publicans and Whores*.

Give o're you *Whifflers* then! enough;
Convert your *Powder* into Iriſh *Snuff*,
And lay your *Lace* upon ſome richer *Stuff*.

FINIS.